

Youth

Religious Education

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lower the highbrows, raise the lowbrows"

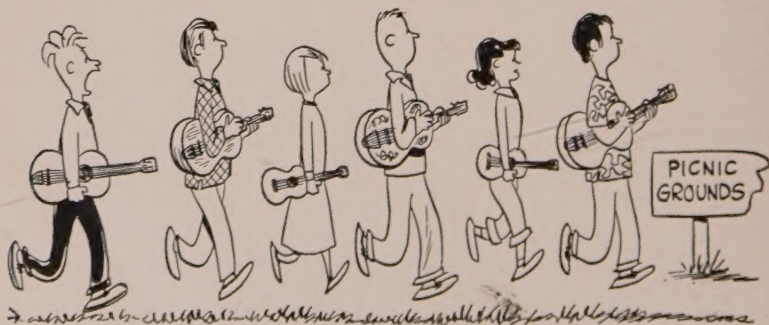
July 5, 1959



editor's note:

A new God for Space Age? Some critics of Christianity are dissatisfied with the idea of God that some of today's Christians are trying to peddle on non-believers. These critics are saying that modern man has grown up and so he needs a bigger and better idea of what God is like--a new God for the Space Age.

But the honest truth is that man needs a new look at God, not a new God. In all of their searchings, scientists still have not found the original purpose of life. Yet we read, "In the beginning was God . . ." And in all of our efforts to see the dark side of the moon, man still has not been able to penetrate the dark side of the communists or the juvenile delinquent. Again, ". . . for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen." Perhaps we need a new man for the Space Age. Certainly not a new God.



"Didn't anybody bring food?"

July 5, 1959

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Volume 10 Number 14



Roger Williams practices ten hours each day. Here he is playing Harry Truman's piano in Independence, Missouri.

The spaghetti days are over

By Edgar Williams

BACK in 1952, a young man named Louis Jacob Weertz came out of the Midwest to seek fame and fortune in New York. Thus began a story that sounds like something from the old Horatio Alger books popular with teenagers of an earlier generation.

Weertz was a classical pianist who figured that he needed to round off his training by

He's known as a "popular classicist"

studying at the Juilliard Music School. After that, he would be ready for a concert career.

With Weertz was his wife. They took a small apartment, and for months they lived on spaghetti while Weertz went to school. Their funds were limited, and jobs for little-known classical pianists few and far between.

Then one night Louis Weertz went on the "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts" television show and played a definitely non-classical number, "I Got Rhythm." He won the competition that evening.

Then he took a job playing popular songs in the lounge of New York's Madison Hotel, where Dave Kapp, head of Kapp records, heard him and invited him to record.

"There's just one thing, though," Kapp said, "That name of yours has got to go."

Weertz was insulted. "Why should I change my name?" he demanded.

"Because," Kapp replied, "you're going to be a star, and Louis Jacob Weertz doesn't sound like the name of a star. From now on, you're—let's see . . . you're Roger Williams."

Today, at 32, Roger Williams has proved Dave Kapp a good prophet. He is one of the brightest stars in the entertainment firmament. He hit the big time in 1955 when his classicized arrangement of "Autumn

Leaves" sold more than three million copies. In the last three years he has turned out 14 best-selling albums. At the present time he is the largest-selling pianist and/or instrumentalist in the entire history of recordings. In 1958, he earned about \$250,000. This year, with concerts, he will earn nearly twice that.

The spaghetti days are definitely over.

"But I'll never forget them," Roger says. "Just thinking about them keeps me from ever becoming self-satisfied. Besides, during those days I found out that my wife is the smartest wife in the world. I never knew there were so many different ways to cook spaghetti as she showed me."

Williams, an engagingly modest, well-spoken man, has been called a "popular classicist," and he likes that tag. "I try," he explains, "to lower the musical highbrows a little and raise the lowbrows a little." Apparently he has succeeded, for his fans run the gamut of music lovers. He can enchant an audience in a concert hall on one night, and on the next delight the patrons of a supper club.

Recently, Roger has been playing a number of "pop" concert dates all over the country. A "pop" concert is a fairly new development and another indication that gradually the gap between the "classics" and "popular music" is being bridged—

Mr. Williams, a frequent contributor to YOUTH Magazine, is on the staff of *Today*, Sunday supplement magazine of the Philadelphia Inquirer.



Roger Williams is popular with the public because he can play everything from jazz to the classics and because of his winning personality.

anks largely to the efforts of fine musicians like Roger Williams.

"For years," says Roger, "there has been a gulf between popular and classical music. I think it is more the result of tradition than desire on the part of the public. People who genuinely enjoy good music can appreciate the best in both the classics and jazz."

What pleases Roger the most, though, is the way teenagers flock to these events. "And," he will tell you, "they are just as attentive to Chopin and Debussy as they are to Rodgers and Gershwin — not only attentive

but responsive in a way that would do any composer proud."

There were times in Roger's formative years when he wasn't certain whether he was going to be a boxer, a musician, or a mechanical engineer. His father, Dr. Frederick J. Weertz, is a former prize fighter who gave up boxing when he saw a friend killed in the ring. He became, instead, a Lutheran minister. His mother was a music teacher. Roger himself—or Louis, as he was known then—showed an early talent for engineering. ►►►

Dr. Weertz, who recently retired,

He married the campus beauty queen

was pastor of St. John's Church in Des Moines, Ia., which he eventually built up to be the largest United Lutheran church in America. As Roger grew up, his mother taught him music, and by the time the boy was 12, he could play 13 instruments. His one-man act which he developed during this time was much in demand for church socials.

"But my father," Roger recalls, "was determined that I wasn't going to be a sissy. He taught me to box.

Also, Pop brought a lot of so-called bad kids home, rather than have the courts send them to jail. I grew up with them, and every one — there were hundreds, over the years — turned out fine. I guess our house was the only Lutheran parsonage in history with a pool table on one floor and a boxing ring in the cellar."

At North High in Des Moines Roger is remembered as the rather unusual boy who conducted the school choir and was a knockout artist on the boxing team. During his summer vacations he worked as a lumberjack and guide in the lake regions of Minnesota.

After he was graduated in 1943 Roger immediately tried to enlist in the armed services. He was rejected — a severe case of hay fever being the cause. Not one to be easily discouraged, he plotted his course of action. He had heard that the California climate offered relief for his condition. He figured that a year on the coast might do the trick. Also, he wanted to study the piano seriously and so arranged to take instruction from the noted music teacher, Phili



Roger grew up in a parsonage family. His father, Dr. Frederick J. Weertz, was a former prize fighter who became a Lutheran minister.



Roger and wife, Joy, have breakfast together with their two daughters, Laura Sue and Alice Ann.

ronitz, in Los Angeles. His plan worked. A year later he was accepted by the Navy.

Because of Roger's mechanical aptitude, the Navy sent the young man to Idaho State College for courses in engineering. Even after he was mustered out of the service in 1945, Idaho State was to play a major role in Roger's life.

He returned to Des Moines to continue his piano studies, landed his own radio show on a local station and booked professional concert dates. One of these concerts took

him back to Idaho state, where he was introduced to the college's football beauty queen, Joy Dunsmoor.

Roger dated Joy after the concert, and proposed the following day. Joy turned him down. But Roger persisted, and in 1948 they were married in Dr. Weertz's church in Des Moines.

"It was a real fine wedding," says Roger. "My father and my uncle, who also is a minister, conducted the services. The head usher was a Negro friend, one of the fellows my father had brought into our home



Raising eyebrows, too

Recording with the NBC orchestra, Roger Williams works for perfection. He's sold more records than any other instrumentalist.



when I was a boy. And I may have been the only bridegroom who played at his own wedding. I played some of the organ music before the ceremonies began."

After marriage, Roger, still not certain of his future, career-wise, returned to Idaho State to complete work for his engineering degree. He got that in 1950, then matriculated at Drake University in Des Moines, where he acquired a Master's degree in music.

By then, Roger knew what he wanted to do. So, in 1952, along with Joy, he headed for New York. Then came the spaghetti days and, at last, the break-through.

Williams is not a demonstrative man when it comes to religion. But it is obvious that what he learned as

a boy in that parsonage in Des Moines is very much a part of him. "I know," he says, "that, without faith, I couldn't have come this far. God has been good to me and my family, and I don't let a day go by without thanking Him."

Roger and Joy's family now includes two daughters, Laura Lou, 7, and 4-year-old Alice Ann. They all live in a comfortable home in Bay side, a section of the borough of Queens in New York City, where Roger has a punching bag ("to help me stay in shape") and a special studio in which he rehearses for his concerts and recording sessions.

At home or on tour, Roger practices eight to ten hours a day. "People tell me," he declares, "that Artur Schnabel had to practice only four



ers a day. But I'm spreading myself so thin. One day I'll be recording an album of original pop arrangements, and the next I'll be appearing with the Buffalo Symphony, playing the Tschaikovsky Concerto."

Roger and his family are regular church-goers, attending St. John's Lutheran Church in nearby Richmond Hill, N. Y. Also, Roger has devoted much time to teaching the blind to play the piano. "I feel," he says, "that it is a contribution I could make. I like to think of it as some small repayment to the world." Of all the honors he has received, Roger treasures most the doctorate of Humane Letters awarded him by Wagner College, a Lutheran college at Staten Island, N. Y., for his work with the blind.

A year or so ago, Roger appeared in concert with the Providence (R. I.) Symphony Orchestra—and, by the way, broke all attendance records for a concert by that organization.

Arriving in Rhode Island, of which another Roger Williams was the founding father, he was greeted by a tribe of Indians, costumed "Pilgrims" carrying blunderbusses, and the Governor.

"I had to tell them," says Roger with a grin, "that my real name is Louis Jacob Weertz. I've never changed my name legally, out of deference to my father and mother. But those nice people in Rhode Island were kind enough to go through with the ceremony of welcome, anyway." ▼▼▼

parents have
growing pains,
too



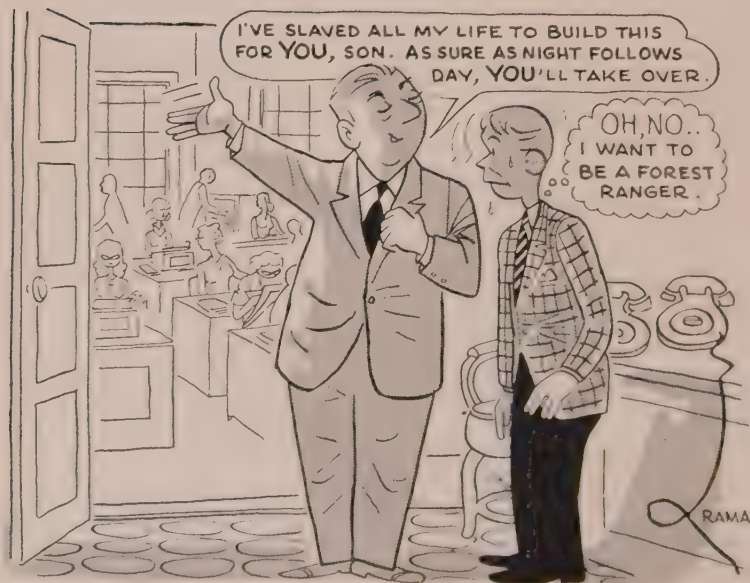
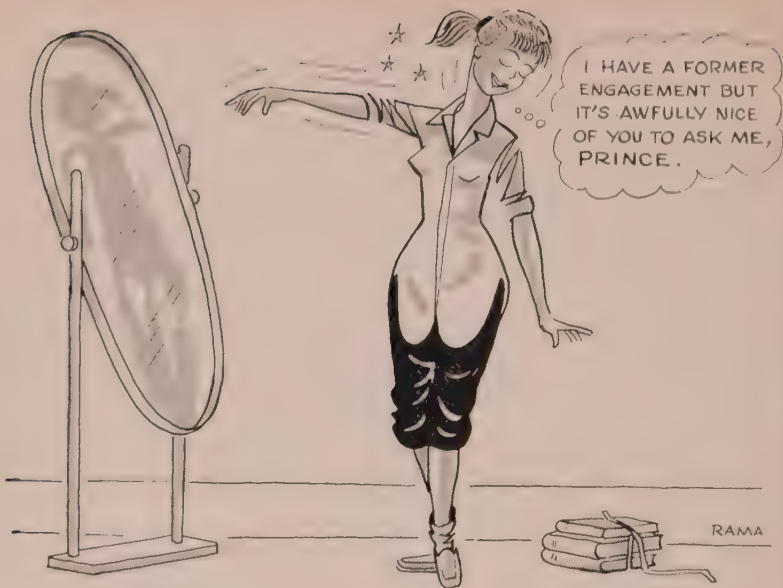
MOST of the heartaches between parents and their teen-age offspring is caused by a lack of understanding one another. Parents should try to see how the world looks from the teen-age point of view. And the young person should try to understand why their parents act as they do. Growing pains are not limited to teens only. Parents have hurts, too. Every child brought into the world deserves the chance to become a happy, self-respecting, self-reliant adult. To create an environment in which this is possible is the responsibility and the privilege of parenthood. Parents who do not live up to the best of which they are capable should not criticize children who do not measure up to expectations. On this and the following pages are three of a series of cartoons appearing in *Growing Pains*, a booklet published by the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co. These cartoons hold up a mirror that all might look into. They may help you and your parents to know each other just a little bit better.

..... *Casanova*

Wait a minute, Dad! How can you forget so quickly? You're not *that* old. Remember your first date? Remember the first time you fell in love? How you suffered! Sure, Junior ties up the phone. His conversation doesn't make sense to you. But he isn't talking to you. Don't drive him into secrecy by humiliating him.

And Junior: Have some consideration for your father. He might want to use the phone himself. Show him the same respect you expect to receive from him. Life is not a one-sided affair.





..... *Secret Romance*

Is there a mother anywhere who can't remember a scene like this? Remember the heartaches, the almost unbearable yearnings, the tormenting fear that you wouldn't be popular? And remember the dread of intrusion at those moments? Respect Susie's privacy! She needs the assurance of her mother's unwavering affection.

And Susie: Be careful that your dreaming does not become so real to you that you avoid reality. And share your concerns with your mother or father. They want to help you when they can.

**parents have
growing pains,
too**

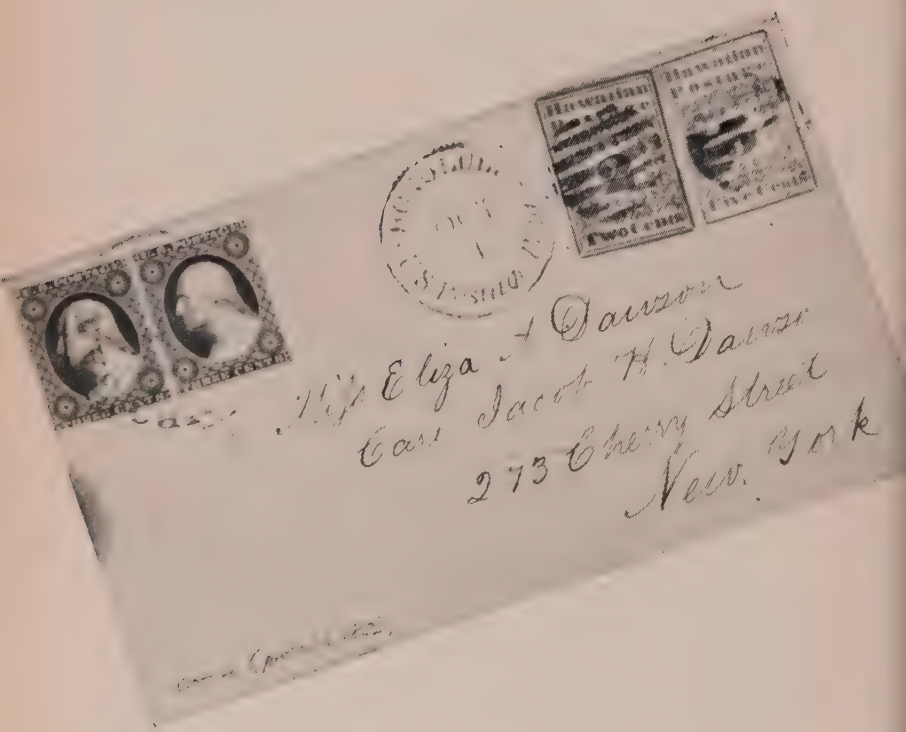
..... *John Jones and Son, Inc.*

Has the elder John Jones really slaved all of his life so his son could take over? Perhaps Mrs. Jones could throw some light on this question. Since he was a small boy, John Jones, Jr., has wanted to be a forest ranger. But his father has been so wrapped up in his own success that he has never asked his son what he wanted to do with his life. The fact that John should be free to make his own choice of a career has never entered his father's mind.

And son, John: Strive early to think through your vocational choice, share your thoughts, and make certain the decision is yours.



*World's "most valuable" letter
recalls an heroic story . . .*



This envelope is valued at \$25,000—the most valuable cover in the world. It is the only cover known on which the Hawaiian two-cent "missionary" stamp appears. It also has a five-cent "missionary" stamp and two very old U.S. stamps of the 1851 issue. Stamps printed by U.S. missionaries were in use only two years 1851-53 after which they were replaced by stamps picturing the King of Hawaii. That's why the "missionary" stamps are extremely rare today.

Those Hawaiian Missionaries

By Glenn D. Everett

AT A New York stamp auction an audience of excited stamp dealers saw a single old envelope bearing four stamps sell for \$25,000 and thus became the most valuable cover in the world. It is the only envelope known in the world on which the Hawaiian two-cent "missionary" stamp appears.

This old envelope recalls the story of how American missionaries happened to go to Hawaii and the crucial role they played in the history of the islands. And that, in turn, is the story of Henry Obookiah, an orphan boy.

The Hawaiian Islands were the last major island chain in the world to be discovered by European explorers. It was not until January 19, 1778, barely 160 years ago, that England's famous Captain James Cook put into the islands. A few months later he was killed there in a fight with the natives.

The Hawaiian Islands were no peaceful paradise in those days. The natives worshipped pagan idols. Cruel rites of human sacrifice were common. Rival chieftains were constantly carrying on vicious wars.

Henry Obookiah lived on one of these islands and one day in the early 1800's he was awakened by his terrified parents. An invading party from another island had landed. A brief, bloody fight took place. Henry ran in terror to hide in a grove of palm trees. There he watched in horror as the invaders disarmed the local villagers and prepared a human sacrifice to their pagan deities in gratitude for the victory. They selected Henry's mother and his baby brother. His father tried to intervene and was mercilessly run through with a spear. As Henry choked back a scream, his mother and the baby were killed, too.

Young Henry had no family now and his home lay in ashes. Disconsolate, he wandered off to Honolulu. There he sobbed out his story to a sympathetic sailor. Henry said he

Mr. Everett is the Washington correspondent for Religious News Service and a frequent contributor to YOUTH magazine. He has recently co-authored a book with John Noble entitled *I Found God in Soviet Russia*.

Queen “Min” started a new fad

wanted to leave Hawaii and never return again. The sailor got him a job as cabin boy and Henry sailed off.

That ship sailed to Boston, a cold and inhospitable place to a brown-skinned boy from the faraway tropical islands. Henry went from place to place in New England, supporting himself with odd jobs. One day in 1809 Edwin Dwight, a ministerial student at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., found Henry sobbing on the steps. He learned that Henry wanted an education but that no school was open to him.

Dwight took the boy to his room, fed him, and gave him some books to read. Later, he found him a place with a Congregational minister's family. Young Henry became an eager convert to Christianity, and under the tutelage of Dwight and other interested students from Yale, he became an accomplished student.

In 1816 the Rev. Edwin Dwight was ordained in the Christian ministry. Thanks to Henry Obookiah, he had a great idea. There were many boys from foreign lands coming to America, just as Henry had, and Dwight decided to establish a school at Cornwall, Conn., especially for their education.

Henry Obookiah was sent out on a speaking tour to raise funds for the school. Conservative New Englanders had scoffed at the school and

On the porch of the old mission house at the right is one of the early printing presses in Hawaii. Near this site in a grass hut on January 7, 1832, High Chief Keeaumoku pulled the first printed sheet on a press in the presence of Elisha Loomis, printer.

Photo by Jay Fussell

its plan to send missionaries abroad asserting that you couldn't teach illiterate pagan idol-worshipper anything. They paused to reconsider, however, when Henry came to speak at their churches. Money soon poured in for the school and five Hawaiian boys whom Henry personally recruited on the Boston waterfront, as well as other young immigrant boys from other lands began studying there.

Henry had been saying for years “Hawaiian gods made of wood





ey burn. I go home, put 'em all
fire, burn 'em up." But it was
to be. In February, 1818, he
contracted typhoid fever and died.
Hiram Bingham, a young minis-
ter who had heard Henry Obookiah,
decided that the boy's dream should
die with him. In October, 1819,
Bingham and a party of mission-
aries, including two of the Hawaiian
youths set forth in the brig "Thad-
deus" for distant Hawaii. Six
months later they hove to in sight
of the islands. What reception would

greet them? Prayerfully, they sent
the Hawaiian youth ashore.

Back they came with joyous
news! The pagan idols had fallen!
The Hawaiian people, sick and dis-
gusted with constant warfare, had
united themselves under King Ka-
mehameha I through the guidance
of wise old Queen Kaahumanu.
They had revolted against the
bloody rites of human sacrifice and
had burned many of the old idols. ►►►

The islanders eagerly welcomed
the new faith. The missionary wo-



Photo by Jay Fussell

Rev. Philip Yung Lee stands in front of his Honolulu church. He conducts services each Sunday in Chinese and English.

men quickly sewed some American dresses for the ample frame of Queen "Min" who was delighted with them. All the islanders followed her example. Mr. Bingham had thought to start a small school. He was soon swamped with applications. Everyone from the Queen down wanted to learn how to read and write. By 1824 the missionaries had 2000 students in their schools and 400 native teachers in training. An entire nation went to school. By 1831 there were 1100 schools and 40 per cent of the adult

population was learning to read and write. Hawaii became the first area in the world with a compulsory school attendance law for children.

A printer, Elisha Loomis, had come along with the missionaries. Soon his press was working day and night and he sent back to the States for another.

With education the missionaries also spread the Christian gospel. Other missionaries came soon. The Hawaiian people became almost entirely Christianized.

In 1847 the United States first be

"Hawaiian gods are made of wood. They burn."

an issuing postage stamps so that the postage on letters could be paid by the sender, rather than being collected from the person to whom delivered. The missionaries in Hawaii thought this was a good idea. This was the origin of the "missionary" stamps followed soon by an official Kingdom of Hawaii issue.

The path of the missionaries was not without obstacles. The islands had been claimed for Great Britain in 1784 by Capt George Vancouver and named the Sandwich Islands in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. Britain never quite succeeded in establishing her rule. The American influence became too strong. The French and the Russians, who then owned Alaska, also tried to establish forts and occupy the islands. Political in-

trigue against the American missionaries was at times vicious.

Throughout all the political plots, the Kingdom of Hawaii managed to remain independent. However, it was too weak to defend itself and needed help. In 1892 the first treaty for American annexation was negotiated. It was rejected by President Grover Cleveland on the ground that the Hawaiian people had not been consulted. In 1898, however, President William McKinley, convinced that the Hawaiian people did wish to unite with America, signed the document making the islands American territory.

The final step of that annexation, as the Hawaiians are quick to point out, has now been fulfilled — full statehood as America's 50th state.



Ten hours a day is a long time for practicing and perfecting the playing of a piano. Roger Williams does it (see pages 3 through 9). But such persistence and pride in one's own craftsmanship is fast becoming rare in today's world. Why do we work? No one can deny the need for money. Some say they work "just to put in time." Others say they work hard to get the job done faster. But how often today do we work to do a job well and with genuine skill? Where is our personal pride in craftsmanship?

Your job:

**to prove you can be trusted
with the family car**



so you're a licensed driver!

By Helen Shaffer

It's a wonderful feeling. You passed the test, the policeman signed your permit, and now you can drive anywhere you like all by yourself—when Dad and Mother let you have the car. And there's the catch!

How can you convince them that you're ready to be trusted with the family sedan? There's one surefire way, better than any amount of talking. Prove by your actions and attitude that you're a person who can shoulder responsibility. Here are some of the ways to do it:

Use your driving ability to be helpful. Some young people grumble about picking up younger brothers and sisters after school on rainy days, going to the grocery store, or waiting at the garage while the car is serviced. Automobiles are for errands as well as fun and anyone who wants his share of the fun must be prepared to run a reasonable amount of errands.

When the family takes a pleasure outing, try saying, "How about letting me drive, Dad, while you just

relax?" Then show your father how well you can handle the car and you'll find him ready to listen when you want to go somewhere on your own.

Consider your family's convenience—and pocketbook. Very few families can afford an automobile for each and every member who drives. If you happen to belong to one of the fortunate few families, we can only envy you! The rest of us have to get together on motoring plans so Johnny and the car aren't 15 miles away when it's time for Sue's dental appointment.

Also, cars cost money to run. They drink gasoline and burn oil even when they're waiting patiently for the light to change. They wear out their tires. They have a way of going expensively out of whack at the most inconvenient times. If you have a part-time job, pay for the gas you use and foot the bill for an occasional oil change and lubrication.

Be careful, please. Did you hear someone say cheerfully, "Oh, just back up until you hear tin rattle—

Teen drivers make good!

that's what the bumpers are for"? Some auto owners laugh off scraped paint and twisted bumpers—others aren't amused. A "little scratch" that goes clear down to bare metal and can't be retouched successfully may lower the auto's resale value. Dad isn't being fussy when he asks you to be careful. The car represents a sizeable investment and it's up to all who use it to keep it looking and running well.

Don't overload the car with your friends. Besides being hard on the springs this practice may also distract your attention from driving. The results could be unhappy. Don't let anyone talk you into parking in a tight place unless you're very, very good. If you're not sure you can make it, don't try it!

Know what to do in case something happens. All drivers soon learn that when a certain gauge on the dashboard registers "e," there had better be a filling station handy. Those other gauges are important too. Learn what they are, what they look like in normal position, and what steps to take if the temperature suddenly skyrockets or the oil pressure drops.

And—could you stop safely if a front tire suddenly blew out? Is it wise to let a friendly stranger tow or push your car? What garage should you call if trouble develops? Having the answers to such ques-

tions in advance may save you a headache and Dad a big repair bill.

No one likes accidents, but even cautious drivers may have them. The time to check your state's laws concerning motor mishaps is now before you and the other fellow begin arguing whose fault it was. And go over automobile insurance policies with your parents. Make sure that the policy covers you. Many companies charge higher premiums when young drivers use the car. Ask your insurance agent where you can reach him and what to do in case of an accident. He will probably tell you to contact him immediately and to say as little about what happened as you can except in answer to a policeman's direct questions.

Don't cause your parents needless anxiety. If your father and mother worried about you back in days when you set out on foot, they'll be even more anxious when you drive—even if they try not to show it. You can allay most of their fears by lavish use of the telephone. Call home when you're delayed.

Drive safely. Up to now, we've assumed that you know all about speed limits, right and left turns, who gets the right-of-way when, and so forth—and we'll go on assuming it. You must be a pretty good driver or you wouldn't have been awarded that license.



Independence Day Puzzle

By Carol Conner

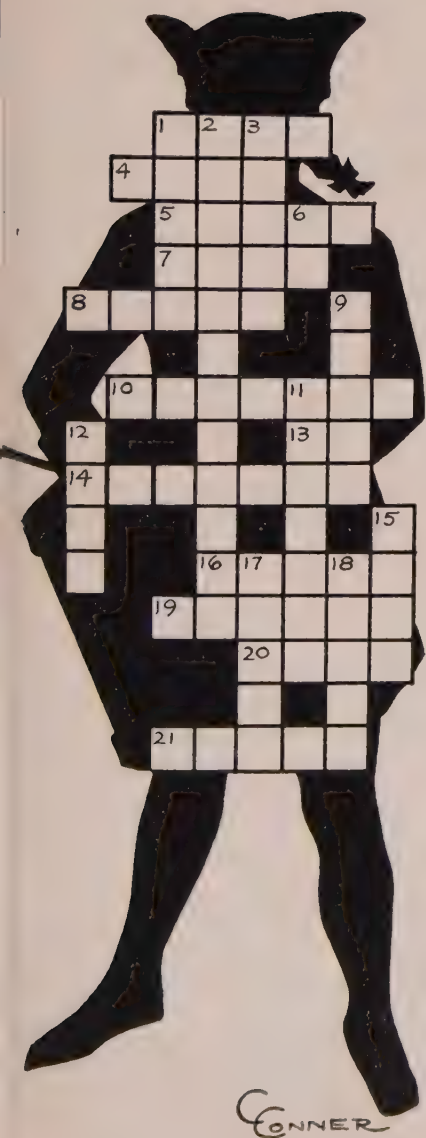
ACROSS

1. Discreet
4. Dispatched
5. A member of the Continental Congress
7. Extremely
8. Movements in marching
10. First signer of the Declaration of Independence
13. Company (abbr.)
14. Bell rung in Philadelphia in 1776
16. Small house
19. Man who rode to sound an alarm
20. Indian tribe
21. To keep guard

DOWN

1. Make cloth
2. What the colonists fought for
3. Thirteen — were on the first flag
6. Belonging to me
9. Person luring another into a trap
11. Tenth month
12. The Stars and Stripes
15. Breeches worn during the Revolutionary War
17. Ward off
18. Natives of Ireland

(Answers on page 30)



CONNER

"How do you react to 'when I was your age'?"

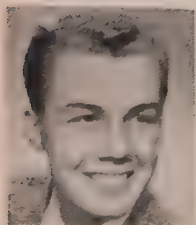
PARENTS have seen a lot more of life than their children. This is good . . . and bad! As a growing young person, you look forward to adulthood with much excitement and hope, but also with puzzlement. And this is where your parents as adults come in. You often look to adult example for some hint of help and direction. But you don't like to have it thrust upon you. For example, check what these young people said when we asked them: 'How do you react when your mother (or father) says, 'When I was your age . . .?'



Judy McCain, Ogden U., comments:

When my mother or dad says, "When I was your age . . ." my reaction is that they just think it is the best way to do things. But times have changed and there is no proof that their way is the best in these present-day demands. Every person is an individual and will have different ways of doing things. Some rules set by parents of teenagers are nothing but tradition. Sometimes their way of doing things is better but, in a changing world, sometimes it isn't. Experience is the best teacher.

Richard Houghton, a student at the University of New Hampshire:



"When I was your age." That was one comment that usually went in one ear and out the other. When my parents came out with that remark, I used to say to myself, "Boy, they sure don't understand." I must admit that my parents did not say this very often. Probably because they knew that it aroused a little rebellion in me and, probably more important, they realized that times *have* changed. Teenagers and their ideas have changed, too. My parents' realization that in many cases the problems of 1959 have to be attacked differently than the problems of 1925 helped me to strive to do what was best in the eyes of my parents and, as usual, they were right.

Writes Merrelyn Miller, Montrose, Colo.:



When one of my parents says, "When I was your age," I try to explain that times have changed; and that now teenagers do some things differently than they did a few years ago. For instance, if our parents tell us that we have to be in by nine o'clock like they did, we shouldn't just get mad. Movie and school activities usually last longer than nine. Talk it over, and let them know your reasons for staying out later. If we act like responsible Christian young people, our parents will treat us as such.



Ralph Loomis, San Jose, Calif.:

"Here comes that story again. Why don't they realize that I am not that way?" It took me quite a while to overcome this reaction, but in time a person begins to wonder why his parents make statements such as this, and it was at this time that I began to realize and appreciate more my parents' reasoning. It seems only natural that if a disciplinary method worked successfully on them, why shouldn't it work on me also?



Carole Bollinger, Zeeland, N. D., reports:

Whenever my mother (or father) uses the statement "When I was your age," it always strikes me as being a long, long time ago when long dresses, horses-and-buggies, and stage-coaches were still in use. Because of this idea I think that they are old-fashioned and living in the past. I always seem to forget that they were young only a few years ago. Actually, times have changed to some extent but we must keep in mind that basic ideals have not changed—only the minor customs and fashions have changed.



Mike Thornburg, Selma, Ind.:

As I look back in retrospect to life with my parents, I feel a bit like Mark Twain, who expressed amazement that his parents could learn so much in the short time he was away. I feel sincerely that this particular approach in parent-child relationships is likely to incite more controversy than any other, but I think it can't be denied that parents do possess a certain "wisdom of the ages" which seems to result in a most disarming accuracy in their judgments. At any rate, I feel fortunate in having parents who attempted to see my position and then judged as they felt best—and I might add, they didn't fail me!



Dixie Roach, High Point, N. C., responds:

To be honest, my parents are the understanding type who seldom say, "When I was your age." When my mother or father says something to this effect, they are not usually scolding me, but rather, discussing something with me. They try to understand the present age, and I try to understand the changes that have taken place. I always listen when they tell me something, because I know I'll profit from their teachings. I wish all parents were as understanding as mine are.



John Koch, Norwood, Pa.:

This is a very hard question for me to answer since my parents do not make the statement, "When I was your age." In the case that my parents would make such a statement, I feel that I would accept their statement knowing that many situations are the same today as they were when my parents were teenagers. However, I would expect my parents to understand that a teenager is an individual and as such he tends to do things in a manner different from his parents.



on this business of living

How do you know when it's true love?

QUESTION: How do you know for sure it's love? Last month, I was sure I was in love with Don. Now I'm not so sure. I enjoy being with him, and I like it when he kisses me. But I seem to forget about him when I don't see him for a few days. And I still notice how attractive some of the other boys in my classes are.

ANSWER: At 15 it is easy to confuse love with a passing attraction or infatuation. Even more mature people than you are often fooled. And, too, love means different things to different people. But Dr. L. Foster Wood has given some very excellent points to consider in his book, *Harmony in Marriage*. These are listed below.

1. Being in love is marked by unusual joy in the company of the beloved, and pain in separation. Love is likely to seem different from the mere liking for others which you have felt before.

2. There is a feeling that you be-

long to each other. You identify yourself with the person you love. You want to tell this person about things which interest you and to share with him whatever comes into your life.

3. Love has a protective attitude. You want to shield the person you love from every harm, and to have him receive every possible good. This attitude is at the opposite pole from a mere desire for the other on a basis of selfishness or exploitation.

4. There is, of course, the feeling that this person is the dearest in the world, dearer to you than all else.

5. There is likely to be a feeling between two persons who love each other that they understand each other unusually well and that they feel the same way about important things.

6. A person in love cares intensely about how the other partner feels toward him.

7. Love as it matures tends to be constant in its interest. It is not

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- a Fellow in the consulting division of the American Psychological Association

wavering or halfhearted, but strong and steadfast.

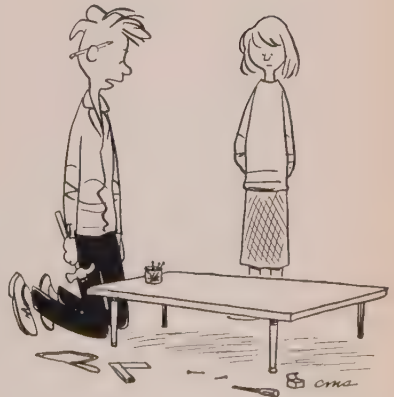
8. Love has a special quality of self-giving. A young man said that being in love with a girl made him want to devote himself to her. When love is selfish it is mainly love of the self and not of the other person. Real love accepts responsibilities as well as joys.

9. Love is zestful and enthusiastic. When you are really in love, you tend to feel that you are filled with boundless energy so that you can accomplish things that you hardly dreamed of before. You begin to have a sense of completeness, often feeling that you have just begun to live and that life is infinitely richer than you ever realized.

10. In love you not only have a feeling of pleasure but also of reverence. There is a feeling of something sacred about the personality of the other and about your relationship.



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"It started out to be a ping-pong table for the youth group, but somewhere along the line it turned into a coffee table for the women's missionary society!"

Churches Called "Asleep" in Concern for Servicemen

Churches "went to sleep" and "a few still slumber on" in their relations with U. S. servicemen, an Army chaplain charged at a major Presbyterian meeting recently. He pointed out that less than five per cent of servicemen overseas ever hear from their church back home.

"Is it that we don't care?" he asked. "God forbid. But if our young men and women return with indifference, let us put the blame where it belongs."

52 Teens to Live Abroad as Part of ICYE

Fifty-two teenagers of various Protestant denominations will live in Europe for a year as part of the International Christian Youth Exchange program. More than 100 European high school students will come to this country to spend the year here attending U. S. schools and living with families here.

Sponsored by seven Protestant denominations, the program will feature direct exchanges in which an American teenager lives with a European family, from which a youth will come to live with the family of the U. S. teenager. In other cases

there will be direct exchanges between American and European churches or communities.

Rev. Joseph W. Bell of Nashville, Tenn., chairman of the exchange board of directors, said the program provides youth with an opportunity "to know people in other lands as individuals."

10,000 German Youth Honor Hitler Victims

Some 10,000 Protestant and Catholic youth from West Germany and West Berlin took part in a pilgrimage to the notorious concentration camp at Bergen-Belsen in the Lueneburg Heath, near Hamburg, Germany, to pay tribute to victims of the Hitler regime. They laid hundreds of wreaths and flowers at the memorial obelisk and the mass graves which hold an estimated 30,000 corpses, mostly Jews. One of the graves contains the remains of Anne Frank, the Jewish girl whose diary written during the Nazi occupation of Holland in World War II became a bestseller after her martyrdom.

At services conducted by ministers and priests, respectively, the young people pledged "to fight racial frenzy and to promote tolerance and humanitarianism."

No Sin in Syncopation" says Church Musician

Having experimented with rhythmic worship music, a Methodist pastor and choir director in Buffalo, N. Y., are convinced that "there is no sin in syncopation." The choir director comments: "A great many of the hymn tunes sung today would have put our Methodist forbear of about 1830 to sleep or at least caused him to wonder why the solemn occasion." Adds the minister: "I always felt that the traditional church music lacked sufficient vitality when used exclusively. There should be more variety."

The church's junior choir sang a lively gospel spiritual, "It's Me, O Lord," at a worship service and added syncopation with a tambourine, clapping and foot-tapping. A few members of the congregation objected, but the majority favored doing it more often. The choir director feels that "a congregation should have the privilege of hearing and singing in church that kind of music which is most conducive to their mode of worship."

Assail "Tactical Maneuver" of German Communist Youth

Omission of an anti-religious phrase from the new constitution of the Free German Youth (FDJ), an East German Communist organization, was described by church observers in West Berlin as a tactical



UPI Photo

The founder of the 133-year-old mining town of Shullsburg, Wis., have the streets named like the ones above, but no HOPE. So when the city council ordered new street signs, they found an unnamed street. Now there's HOPE in Shullsburg.

maneuver to make the FDJ less objectionable to Christian young people. The omitted phrase was formerly one of the group's objectives: "to fight religious superstition." It was dropped at a FDJ congress at Rostock. During a discussion of the revised statute, communist youth leaders said the constitution was now acceptable to all youngsters with church affiliations.

At the same congress, however, Walter Ulbrich, secretary general of the Socialist Unity (Communist) Party, launched a sharp attack against Western church leaders.

Teen Tips

I Found God in Soviet Russia is the title of a book by John Noble which went on sale last week. Published by St. Martin's Press and selling for \$2.95 at all bookstores, the book carries special interest to YOUTH readers, because a frequent contributor to YOUTH, Glenn D. Everett of Washington, D. C., assisted Mr. Noble in writing the book. (See Mr. Everett's article on pages 15-19.)

Writes Rev. Billy Graham: "Here is a story that will inspire every Christian! It is one of the greatest testimonies of our time, given by a man who himself experienced personal conversion while in solitary confinement in a communist cell. . . . He brings us word of fellow Christians holding aloft the torch of faith in an area where its gleam has

been darkened. He tells of the unconquerable faith that can win Russia in our time."

* * *

Set a Good Bet: For over a year now the popular *High Fellowship Set* has been proving helpful to all youth groups who have been using it. Five of the booklets in the set are aimed for use by youth and two of the booklets for adults working with youth. Available for one dollar at bookstores of Pilgrim Press and Eden-Heidelberg Press, the *High Fellowship Set* could help give your evening fellowship a boost.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Wise; 4. Sent; 5. Adams; 7. Very; 8. Steps; 10. Hancock; 13. Co.; 14. Liberty; 16. Cabin; 19. Revere; 20. Erie; 21. Watch.

DOWN: 1. Weave; 2. Independence; 3. Stars; 6. My; 9. Decoy; 11. October; 12. Flag; 15. Knee; 17. Avert; 18. Irish

in future issues of YOUTH . . .

Is He the Greatest Shortstop in Baseball?

Ed Williams writes about a big leaguer today

SPAIN—a Photo Essay

A photographer tells how to take meaningful photos

The Mind—God's Creation

A Milwaukee youth group studies mental health

Youth and the Atom

Future peaceful uses of atomic energy

Job—Patience or Impatience?

What does the Bible say about Job?

Sam Levinson Chats with Teens

TV star learns a few things about youth



Life World Photo

9 stars fly on July 4

Exactly one year, our present 49-star flag will be out of date. Yesterday, on July 4, this flag design of 49 stars became official for our United States. But whether your flag has 13 stars or 45 or 48, it is always in fashion. It needn't be retired until it is worn or badly faded or, as the Flag Code puts it, when "in such condition it is no longer a fitting emblem for display." When that time comes, it should be burned. The United States has had some 15 flags in its history, prior to the 49-star design. The recent model of 13 stripes and 48 stars lasted longer than any other. Before Alaska, Arizona in 1912 was the last to be admitted as a state. The law reads that a new flag design becomes official on the Independence Day following its adoption. If all goes well in Hawaii in the next month or so, the 50th star will be added on July 4, 1960.



first things first



Monkmeyer Press Photo

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;
God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;
God be in mine end,
And at my departing.

—Sarum Trimmer, 1558